

without communicating it to others, he married the beautiful Deria, whose eyes resembled those of the dove for mildness, whilst her hair, which was blacker than the plume of the raven, fell in ringlets upon her ivory neck, and became her with a grace inexpressible. Their felicity was mutual, and Abraoulf, who now thought himself secure of happiness indulged the most sanguine hopes. Fortune seemed to have singled him out as her favourite, and, for a time, every thing succeeded to his wishes. He was soon blessed with a daughter, to whom he gave the name of Jesdad. Her dawning charms promised one day to equal those of her mother, and every year seemed to add to the graces of her person. Abraoulf, however, could not think his happiness complete till he had a son. His wishes were favourably heard by heaven; Deria was delivered of a boy, to whom he gave the name of Alda, and the birth was celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings and festivity.

Abraoulf, though he had acquired considerable wealth, still thought he had not enough; the increase of family made an increase of riches necessary, and this was his motive for undertaking a long voyage, in order to furnish himself with precious stones of the greatest value at an inconsiderable price. He could not, however, bear the thoughts of being

being separated from his beloved Deria, his son and daughter; so he resolved to take them along with him. Here the adventure of Abraoulf began. His voyage proved prosperous at first, but before he reached Golconda, the place of his destination, a violent storm arose: the ship soon sprung a leak, and notwithstanding all the care of the crew, who exerted their utmost efforts, in a short time buried in the deep. The unfortunate Abraoulf beheld his wife, his daughter on the brink of ruin, and with much difficulty, escaped death by swimming. When he reached the shore, he was faint and spent with fatigue, and he lay himself at the point of death, said his prayers which the alcoran appoints to be used on that occasion: these he repeated with such fervour, that he was overheard by a muezin, who happened to pass that way.

The good man compassionated his situation, and caused him to be immediately carried to his house in a neighbouring village. The muezin immediately ordered his servants to put the stranger to bed, and take the care of him. Abraoulf slept soundly all the night; but in the morning he awoke in the utmost dejection of spirits, his mind still filled with the ideas of Deria, his daughter Jesdad, and his son Alda, and he thought them to be drowned; and so great